Cy Whittaker's Place

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS.

Congressman Heman Atkins wants to buy Cy Whittaker's place. Cy unexpectedly returns to his boyhood home.

Every one in Bayport venerates and fears Atkins except Cy. Atkins opposes the selection of Miss Phoebe Dawes as teacher.

Cy champions Phoebe Dawes against Atkins, and she is elected teacher. Cy engages Mrs. Beasley as housekeeper.

Cy discharges Mrs. Beasley. Emily Richards Thomas, aged eight, arrives at Cy's place.

"No," was the dismal rejoinder. "It's Tuesday, if my almanac ain't out of joint. But we had beans Saturday, and they ain't all gone yet, so I presume we'll have 'em till the last one's swallowed. Aunt Debby's got what the piece in the Reader used to call a 'frugal mind.' She don't intend to waste anything. Last Thursday I spunked up courage enough to yell for salt fish and potatoes—fixed up with pork scraps, you know, same's we used to have when I was a boy. We had 'em, all right, and if beans of a Saturday hadn't been part of her religion we'd be warmin' 'em up yet. I took in a cat for company t'other day, but the critter's run away. To see it look at the beans in its saucer and then at me was pitiful. I felt like handin' myself over to the cruelty to animal folks."

"Is she neat?" inquired Mr. Tidditt.

"I don't know. I guess so—on the installment plan. It takes her a week to scrub up the kitchen, and then one end of it is so dirty she has to begin again; consequently the dust is so thick in the rest of the house that I can see my tracks. If 'twan't so late in the season I'd plant garden stuff in the parlor—nice soil and lots of shade with the curtains down."

From the rooms in the rear came the words of a gospel hymn sung in a tremulous soprano and at concert pitch.

"Music with my meals, just like a high toned restaurant," commented Captain Cy.

"But what makes her sing so everlastin' loud?"

"Can't hear herself if she don't. I could stand her deefness, because that's an affliction, and we may all come to it, but"—

The housekeeper, still singing, entered the room and planted herself in a chair.

"Good evenin', Mr. Tidditt," she said, smiling genially. "Nice weather we've been havin'."

Asaph nodded.

"Sociable critter, ain't she!" observed the captain. "Always willin' to help entertain. Comes and sets up with me till bedtime. Tells about her family troubles. Preaches about her niece out west and how set the niece and the rest of the western relations are to have her make' em a visit. I told her she better go—I thought 'twould do her good. I know 'twould help me consider'ble to see her start.

"She's got so now she finds fault with my neckties," he added. "Says I must be careful and not get my feet wet. Picks out what I ought to wear so's I won't get cold. She'll adopt me pretty soon. Oh, it's all right! She can't hear what you say. Are your dishes done?" he shrieked, turning to the old lady.

"One? One what?" inquired Mrs. Beasley.

"They won't be done till you go, Ase," continued the master of the house. "She'll stay with us till the last gun fires. T'other day Angie Phinney called, and I turned Debby loose on her. I didn't believe anything could wear out Angie's talkin' machinery, but she did it. Angeline stayed twenty minutes and then quit, hoarse as a cow."

Here the widow joined in the conversation, evidently under the impression that nothing had been said since she last spoke. Continuing her favorable comments on the weather, she observed that she was glad there was so little fog, because fog was hard for folks with "neuralgy pains." Her brother's wife's cousin had "neuralgy" for years, and she described his sufferings with enthusiasm and infinite detail. Mr. Tidditt answered her questions verbally at first, later by nods and shakes of the head. Captain Cy fidgeted in his chair.

"Come on outdoor, Ase," he said at last. "No use to wait till she runs down, 'cause she's a self winder, guaranteed to keep goin' for a year. Good night!" he shouted, addressing Mrs. Beasley and heading for the door.

"Where you goin'?" asked the old lady.

"No—yes. Who said so? Hoorsy! Three cheers for Gen'ral Scott! Come on, Ase!" And the captain, seizing his friend by the arm, dragged him into the open air and slammed the door.

"Are you crazy?" demanded the astonished town clerk. "What makes you talk like that?"

"Might as well. She wouldn't understand it any better if 'twas Scripture, and it saves brain work. The only satisfaction I get is bein' able to give my opinion of her and the grub without hurtin' her feelin's. If I called her a wooden headed jumpin' jack she'd only smile and say no, she didn't think 'twas goin' to rain, or somethin' just as brilliant."

"Well, why don't you give her her walkin' papers?"

"I shall when her month's up."

"I wouldn't wait no month. I'd heave her overboard tonight. You hear me!"

Captain Cy shook his head.

"I can't very well," he replied. "I hate to make her feel too bad. When the month's over I'll have some excuse ready, maybe. The joke of it is that she don't really need to work out. She's got some money of her own—owns cranberry swamps and I don't know what all. Says she took up Bailey's offer 'cause she cal'lated I'd be company for her. I had to laugh even in the face of those beans when she said that."

However, at the end of the month Cyrus sent Deborah on her way with an extra month's salary in her pocket.

CHAPTER V.

DAYS passed. Cyrus saw the house becoming woefully untidy. Something must be done. The captain drew his chair near the center table, took from his pocket a sheet of note paper and proceeded to read what was written on its pages. It was a letter which he had received nearly a month before and had not yet answered. During the past week he had read it many times. The writing was cramped and blotted and the paper cheap and dingy. The envelope bore the postmark of a small town in Indiana, and the inclosure was worded as follows:

Captain Cyrus Whittaker:

Dear Sir—I suppose you will be a good deal surprised to hear from me, especially from way out west here. When you bought the old house of Seth he and I was living in Concord, N. H. He couldn't make a go of his business there, so we came west, and he has been sick most of the time since. We ain't well off like you, and times are hard with us. What I wanted to write you about was this: My cousin Mary Thomas—Mary Thayer that was—is still living in Concord, and she is poor and needs help, though I don't suppose she would ask for it, being too proud—false pride I call it. Me and Seth would like to do something for her, but we have a hard enough job to keep going ourselves. Mary married a man by the name of Henry Thomas, and he turned out to be a miserable good for nothing, as I always said he would. She wouldn't listen to me, though. He run off and left her seven year ago last April and, I understand, was killed or drowned somewheres up in Montana. Mary and [several words scratched out here] got along somehow since, but I don't know how. While we lived in Concord Seth sort of kept an eye on her, but now he can't, of course. She's a good girl, or woman, rather, being most forty, and would make a good housekeeper if you should need one, as I suppose likely you will. If you could help her it would be an act of charity and you will be rewarded above. Seth says why not write to her and tell her to come and see you. He feels bad about her, because he is so sick, I suppose. And he knows you are rich and could do good if you felt like it. Her father's name was John Thayer. I wouldn't wonder if you used to know her mother. She was Emily Richards afore she married, and they used to live in Orham. Yours truly, ELIZABETH HOWES.

P. S.—Mary's address is Mrs. Mary Thomas, care Mrs. Oliver, 123 Blank street, Concord, N. H.

N. B.—Seth won't say so, but I will: We are very hard up ourselves, and if you could help him and me with the loan of a little money it would be thankfully received.

Captain Cy read the letter, folded it and replaced it in his pocket. He knew the Howes family by reputation, and the reputation was that of general sharpness in trade and stinginess in money matters. Betsy's personal appeal did not, therefore, touch his heart to any great extent. He surmised also that for Seth Howes and his wife to ask help for some person other than themselves premised a darky in the wood pile somewhere. But for the daughter of Emily Richards to be suggested as a possible housekeeper at the Cy Whittaker place—that was interesting, certainly.

When the captain was not a captain—when he was merely "young Cy," a boy, living with his parents—a dancing school was organized in Bayport. It was an innovation for our village and frowned upon by many of the older and stricter inhabitants. However, most of the captain's boy friends were permitted to attend. Young Cy was not. His father considered dancing a waste of time and, if not wicked, certainly frivolous and nonsensical, so the boy remained at home. But, in spite of the parental order, he practiced some of the figures of the quadrilles and the contradances in his comrades' barns, learning them at second hand, so to speak.

One winter there was to be a party in Orham given by the Nickersons, wealthy people with a fifteen-year-old daughter. It was to be a grand affair, and most of the boys and girls in the neighboring towns were invited. Cy received an invitation and, for a wonder, was permitted to attend. The Bayport contingent went over in a big hayrick on runners, and the moonlight ride was jolly enough. The Nickerson mansion was crowded, and there were music and dancing.

Young Cy was miserable during the dancing. He didn't dare attempt it in spite of his lessons in the barn. So, while the rest of his boy friends sought partners for the "Portland Fancy" and "Hull's Victory," he sat forlorn in a corner.

As he sat there he was approached by a young lady radiant in muslin and ribbons. She was three or four years older than he was, and he had worshiped her from afar as she whirled up and down the line in the Virginia reel. She never lacked partners and seemed to be a great favorite with the young men, especially one good looking chap with a sunburned face, who looked like a sailor.

They were forming sets for "Money Musk." It was "ladies' choice," and there was a demand for more couples. The young lady came over to Cy's corner and laughingly dropped him a courtesy.

"If you please," she said, "I want a partner. Will you do me the honor?"

Cy blushingly avowed that he could not dance any to speak of.

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm sure you can. You're the Whittaker boy, aren't you? I've heard about your barn lessons, and I want you to try this with me. Please do! No, John," she added, turning to the sunburned young fellow who had followed her across the room, "this is my choice, and here is my partner. Susie Taylor is after you, and you mustn't run away. Come, Mr. Whittaker."

So Cy took her arm, and they danced "Money Musk" together. He made but a few mistakes, and these she helped him to correct so easily that none noticed. His success gave him courage, and he essayed other dances. In fact, he had a very good time at the party after all.

On the way home he thought a great deal about the pretty young lady, whose name he discovered was Emily Richards. He decided that if she would only wait for him he might like to marry her when he grew up. But he was thirteen, and she was seventeen, and the very next year she married John Thayer, the sailor in the blue suit. And two years after that young Cy ran away to be a sailor himself.

In spite of his age and his lifetime of battering about the world, Captain Cy had a sentimental streak in his makeup. His rejuvenation of the old home proved that. Betsy's letter interested him. He had made guarded inquiries concerning Mary Thayer, now Mary Thomas, of others besides Asaph, and the answers had been satisfactory so far as they went. Those who remembered her had liked her very much. The captain had even begun a letter to Mrs. Thomas, but laid it aside unfinished, having since Bailey's unfortunate experience with the widow Beasley a prejudice against experiments.

He meditated and smoked for another hour. Then, his mind being made up, he pulled down the desk lid of the old fashioned secretary, resurrected from a pile of papers the note he had begun to Mrs. Thomas, dipped a sputtering pen into the ink bottle and proceeded to write.

His letter was a short one and rather noncommittal. As Mrs. Thomas no doubt knew, he had come back to live in his father's house at Bayport. He might possibly need some one to keep house for him. He understod that she, Mary Thayer that was, was a good housekeeper and that she was open to an engagement if everything was mutually satisfactory. He had known her mother slightly when the latter lived in Orham. He thought an interview might be pleasant, for they could talk over old times if nothing more. Perhaps, on the whole, she might care to risk a trip to Bayport; therefore he inclosed money for her railroad fare. "You understand, of course," so he wrote in conclusion, "that nothing may come of our meeting at all. So please don't say a word to anybody when you strike town. You've lived here yourself, and you know that three words hove overboard in Bayport will dredge up gab enough to sink a dictionary. So just keep mum till the business is settled one way or the other."

A week passed, and he heard nothing; then three more days and still no word from the New Hampshire widow. Meanwhile fresh layers of dust spread themselves over the Whittaker furniture, and the gaudy patterns of the carpets blushed dimly beneath a grimy fog.

The eleventh day began with a pouring rain that changed later on to a dismal drizzle. The silver leaf tree in the front yard dripped, and the overflowing gutters gurgled and splashed. The bay was gray and lonely, and the fish weirs along the outer bar were lost in the mist. The flowers in the Atkins urns were draggled and beaten down. Only the iron dogs glistened undaunted as the wet ran off their newly painted backs. The air was heavy, and the salty flavor of the flats might almost be tasted in it.

Captain Cy was in the sitting room, as usual. His spirits were as gray as the weather. He was actually lonesome for the first time since his return home. He had kindled a wood fire in the stove just for the sociability of it, and the crackle and glow behind the isinglass panes only served to remind him of other days and other fires. The sitting room had not been lonesome then.

He heard the depot wagon rattle by and, peering from the window, saw that except for Mr. Lumley it was empty. Not even a summer boarder had come to brighten our ways and lawns with reckless raiment and the newest slang. Summer boarding season was almost over now. Bayport would soon be as dull as dishwater. And the captain admitted to himself that it was dull. He had half a mind to take a flying trip to Boston, make the round of the wharfs and see if any of the old shipowners and ship captains whom he had once known were still alive and in harness.

"Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Jing! Jing! Jing!"

Captain Cy bounced in his chair. That was the front door bell. Who on earth, or rather, who in Bayport, would come to the front door?

He hurried through the grim grandeur of the best parlor and entered the little dark front hall. The bell was still swinging at the end of its coil of wire. The dust shaken from it still hung in the air. The captain unbolted and unlocked the big front door.

A girl was standing on the steps between the lines of box hedge—a little girl under a big "grownup" umbrella. The wet dripped from the umbrella top and from the hem of the little girl's dress.

Captain Cy stared hard at his visitor. He knew most of the children in Bayport, but he didn't know this one. Obviously she was a stranger. Portuguese children from "up Harniss way" sometimes called to peddle huckleberries, but this child was no "Portugee."

"Hello!" exclaimed the captain, wonderingly. "Did you ring the bell?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl.

"Humph! Did, hey? Why?"

"Why? Why, I thought— Isn't it a truly bell? Didn't it ought to ring? Is anybody sick or dead? There isn't any crape."

"Dead? Crape?" Captain Cy gasped. "What in the world put that in your head?"

"Well, I didn't know but maybe that was why you thought I hadn't ought to have rung it. When mamma was sick they didn't let people ring our bell. And when she died they tied it up with crape."

"Did, hey? Hum!" The captain scratched his chin and gazed at the small figure before him. It was a self poised, matter of fact figure for such a little one, and out there in the rain under the tent roof of the umbrella it was rather pitiful.

"Please, sir," said the child, "are you Captain Cyrus Whittaker?"

"Yup! That's me. You've guessed it the first time."

"Yes, sir. I've got a letter for you. It's pinned inside my dress. If you could hold this umbrella maybe I could get it out."

She extended the big umbrella at arm's length, holding it with both hands. Captain Cy woke up.

"Good land!" he exclaimed. "What am I thinkin' of? You're soakin' wet through, ain't you?"

"I guess I'm pretty wet. It's a long ways from the depot, and I tried to

"HELLO!" DID YOU RING THE BELL?

come across the fields, because a boy said it was nearer, and the bushes were so"—

"Across the fields? Have you walked all the way from the depot?"

"Yes, sir. The man said it was a quarter to ride, and auntie said I must be careful of my money because"—

"By the big dipper! Come in! Come in out of that this minute!"

He sprang down the steps, furled the umbrella, seized her by the arm and led her into the house, through the parlor and into the sitting room, where the fire crackled invitingly. He could feel that the dress sleeve under his hand was wet through, and the worn boots and darned stockings he could see were soaked likewise.

"There!" he cried. "Set down in that chair. Put your feet up on that h'ath. Sakes alive! Your folks ought to know better than to let you stir out this weather, let alone walkin' a mile—and no rubbers! Them shoes ought to come off this minute, I s'pose. Take 'em off. You can dry your stockin's better that way. Off with 'em!"

"Yes, sir," said the child, stooping to unbutton the shoes. Her wet fingers were blue. It can be cold in our village even in early September when there is an easterly storm. Unbuttoning the shoes was slow work.

"Here, let me help you," commanded the captain, getting down on one knee and taking a foot in his lap. "Tut, tut, tut! You're wet. Been some time sence I fussed with button boots. Lace or long legged cowhides come handier. Never wore cowhides, did you?"

"No, sir."

"I s'pose not. I used to when I was little. Remember the first pair I had. Copper toes on 'em—whew! The copper was blacked over when they come out of the store, and that wouldn't do, so we used to kick a stone wall till they brightened up. There, there she comes. Humph! Stockin's soaked too. Wish I had some dry ones to lend you. Might give you a pair of mine, but they'd be too scant fore and aft and too broad in the beam, I cal'late. Humph! And your top riggin's as wet as your hull. Been on your beam ends, have you?"

"I don't know, sir. I fell down in the bushes coming across. There were vines, and they tripped me up, and the umbrella was so heavy that"—

"Yes, I could see right off you was carryin' too much canvas. Now take off your bunnit, and I'll git a coat of mine to wrap you up in."

He went into his bedroom and returned with a heavy "reefer" jacket. Ordering his caller to stand up, he slipped her arms into the sleeves and turned the collar up about her neck. Her braided "pigtail" of yellow hair stuck out over the collar and hung down her back in a funny way. The coat sleeves reached almost to her knees, and the coat itself enveloped her like a bedquilt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FORGAVE EACH OTHER

By DONALD ALLEN.

The current of love between Miss Fanny Drew and Mr. Randolph Aikens was running along so smoothly as to be almost vexatious. Any old maid or old bachelor will tell you that a tiff now and then between two people in love adds spice to it.

There are people who wonder if Adam and Eve quarreled. Of course they did. They were rushed at each other even without an introduction, and there was no squeezing hands or walks beneath the silvery moon. Adam was grouching around the garden by his lonesome when he caught sight of Eve peeking out from behind a lilac bush and he called out:

"Here, you woman, come along here and quit your fooling!"

It wasn't a fair shake nor a square deal, and the more one thinks of it the more he wonders that love is the sentiment that we find it.

"They have been loving and have been engaged over a year," said the mother of the young man in this affair, that took place later on than Adam's by several years, "and they haven't had a falling out yet."

"Then they'll never marry—never!" was the reply.

"I'm afraid not."

"Because, when a woman really loves a man she wants to get in a dig at him once in awhile!"

"She does."

"She wants to let him know about twice a month that he isn't the only man on this green earth—not by a long shot!"

"That's it."

"And he wants a chance to get jealous over nothing, and to stump around and tear down trees and write letters and call her a perfidious wretch."

"He surely does."

"And after she has sent him back his letters and the engage-ring, and both have lost a heap of sleep and called themselves idiots, they come sneaking around and make up and love each other twice as well as they did before."

"That's just it."

"If I was in your place, Mrs. Aikens, I'd advise Randolph to pick a quarrel. If I was the mother of Fanny I'd advise her the same. They'll never get married if this thing goes on as placid as molasses running down hill."

No advice was given, however. It was not needed. There is a divinity whose job it is to look out that love matches do not become too draggy and insipid, and she hit the trail of Randolph Aikens within 40 days after his mother had expressed her worries. While Miss Fanny Drew was fair to look upon, and was considered a catch, the young man had no trouble in shouldering other aspirants aside and having the field to himself.

Things were jogging along at an easy gait when the young lady's cousin came on from the west and brought a Rocky Mountain breeze with him. He was young and happy and handsome, and he had a ranch on which the cattle were as thick as flies about a sugar bowl. It was announced by some kind-hearted person that he had come on to marry Miss Fanny and bear her hence to the land of alkali. If the rumor was denied no one heard of the denial.

Young Aikens met the "wild and woolly" and they were introduced and shook hands. The Westerner was breezy. He was a hustler. He talked straight from the shoulder. He asserted he was after a bride to share the scenery with him and eat her portion of grass-fed beef that roamed on a hundred hills, and he added that he gave himself just two weeks to fall in love, appear before the minister and pack his trunk and scoot for the west with his bride on his arm.

Young Aikens had a half-interest in a gent's furnishing store, and he could not reconcile $4 silk scarfs with jackboots and slouch hats. After 30 seconds' consideration he concluded to hate his cousin.

Five minutes later he had decided to quarrel with Miss Fanny, and he began: "Wouldn't it been an act of consideration to have told me you were engaged to him?"

"Randolph, what are you talking about?" she exclaimed.

"Your marriage with that steer-chaser from the west!"

"My cousin? Why do you speak of him in that way? Tom is a breezy, whole-souled fellow."

"And you will probably be very happy with him."

"Have you taken this silly gossip in earnest?"

"It may be silly gossip, but from the way he looks at you—"

"Why, he's my own cousin."

"Yes?"

"And we used to play together as children!"

"Ah!"

"Mr. Aikens, will you kindly explain what that 'ah' was meant to signify?" asked the girl as she drew herself up and ceased to smile.

"If you will kindly tell me the date of the wedding I will be out of town at the time and save us both embarrassment," he replied.

She turned from him and walked away, and half a minute later he was kicking himself for a born fool. There was the "tiff," that his mother was hoping for, and from the looks of things it would last considerably longer than a full moon. Randolph had deliberately provoked the quarrel, as he had to admit to himself, and if there was any feeling of satisfaction it rested with some one else.

The trouble with a lover in cases of this sort is that he is not content with making a donkey of himself. He must be two or three of them. Instead of going back to the girl and "fessing up" and having it all over with in half an hour, he must go round with the air of a martyr and keep the whole United States upset for weeks. He knows that the girl can't and won't visit his gent's furnishing store to ask about a dollar shirt for her father and make it an excuse for looking at him in a heart-broken way and hinting that she has consumption and not long to tarry. No, she can't and won't come, and that's another grouch to add to his stock. She ought to send a little note—she ought to do this and that, and he keeps right on the donkey job till Destiny gets mad and slam-bangs him.

The cousin from the west married a girl in a village five miles away and went home to his steers and his alkali, and of course young Aikens got the news. That was another grouch. Why didn't Miss Fanny deny the gossip more vigorously? Why didn't she roll up her eyes, raise her right hand and say in a loud firm voice:

"Randolph, I swear to high heaven I can never love anybody but thee!"

Had she so sworn? Not by a jugfull! Very well; let her suffer for the omission.

Mr. Aikens' furnishing store closed at eight o'clock in the evening. He always went home by a particular route. Miss Fanny was aware of this, but had she thrown herself in his way and given him good evening and a show? Not a blamed throw, and when he thought it over he fairly gritted his teeth.

Weeks passed. Then he got the habit of taking evening walks along the riverside. He would wander out on an old dock and sit on an old barrel and sigh and cuss a couple of hours and then head for home saying he didn't care a rap for my girl that ever wore a hobble skirt.

On this night—on this particular night—the moon rode high, to be higher than the cost of living. The little waves of the river lapped at the old dock, as they had been trained to do from infancy. From various quarters came plaintive wails of the bullfrogs and now and then a dog barked or an owl hooted.

It was a night for reflection. It was a night for a young man who had made a donkey of himself to sit and think whether the best dollar shirt could not be sold for 90 cents and then make 30 per cent. profit? Also to wonder how he came to do it! Also, to wonder why some mutual friend didn't take hold of the matter and make it his or her business to bring about a reconciliation! Also, lots of other things.

A step on the dock!

It was too late in the season for assassins. None of the ministers in town were given to walking in their sleep. It was a light step—a human step—not that of a cow. It came on. It halted beside him. One—two, three minutes the owner of that step waited before whispering the name, "Randolph!"

The young man looked up and gave a start. It was Fanny!

Never in this world will it be admitted that she knew of his presence and had come to make up. It is a thousand chances to one that she thought he was up at Troy buying his fall stock of collars and cuffs. Anyhow, she was there.

It has been stated that the dock was old and rickety. It was strong enough to withstand a fair start, when he heard his name lovingly whispered. That dock sighed and groaned and staggered and went down under the strain.

Two feet of water and two of mud, but it was enough. After the lovers had flopped around for awhile the girl's life was saved and the young man climbed out beside her. They were very wet and very muddy, but they were very happy. Each had forgiven the other, and the collar market was firm at one for 15 cents, or two for a quarter.

HAD HIS REBUKE COMING

Old Lady Gives Effective Reply to Alleged Smart Remark of Youthful Smoker.

The youth was puffing away at a pipe, despite the pained expression on the old lady's face.

"Young man," she barked, so far as her coughing would permit her, "do you know that it's wrong to smoke?"

"Well," replied the lad as he blew a wreath of smoke, "I use tobacco for my health."

"Health!" ejaculated the victim, in spluttering tones. "Nonsense! You never heard of anyone being cured by smoking."

"Yes I have," declared the youth, still puffing away like a furnace chimney. "That's the way they cure pigs."

"Then smoke away," cried the victim. "There may be hope for you yet."

Right of Discovery.

An Envious Contemporary (to Miss Budlong)—And so you are really engaged to Mr. Timid Smithkins?

Miss Budlong (quite provokingly)—Yes, dear; and I want you to suggest something sweet and tender to go in my engagement ring.

Envious Contemporary—If I were in your place I'd just have the simple word "Eureka."—Puck.

Capable Couple.

"A capable couple."

"So?"

"Yes, he is furnishing the house by means of tobacco coupons, and she is decorating it with bridge prizes."